......

Answer: Because the Best is the Cheapest, and the People Know It.

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1888.

DALY'S CLOSE CALL

Mystery Surrounds the

Shooting of the Big Gambler.

A Queer Adventure in a Fourth Avenue Flat.

The Woman Called Him "Darling" After He Was Shot.

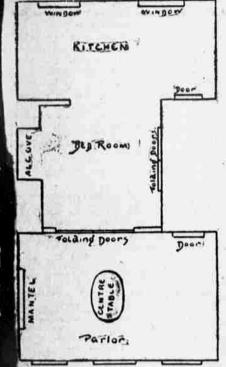
Unexplained Wounds on Annie Stanton's Hands.

The circumstances surrounding the atmpted shooting of Gambler Phil Daly in he house No. 406 Fourth avenue grow ore complex every moment.

It seems to be a mysterious case, and the graphic way in which Mr. Daly describes the ooting is worthy of Gaboriau. The police are as dumb as oysters and claim to have no new facts in the case whatever, and all peras are denied admittance to the prisoners

Mr. Daly says that he does not know ther of the prisoners, and gives as his ex-lanation of the fact that he went to the ouse that he received a note telling him that friends from Philadelphia wanted to see

He went to the house, saw the woman who wrote the note, and had just seated himself on the lounge, when two masked men, one whom he describes as being small and



WINDOW

ADDIE STANTON'S FLAT.

the other as tall, rushed in and in true stand-up-and-deliver tones demanded that he "throw up his hands."

A cocked revolver was in the hands of the small man. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Daly says he dashed for the smaller man, who instantly fired the revolver, the built there-from inflicting a scale wound alout threesays he dashed for the smaller man, who instantly fired the revolver, the bullet therefrom inflicting a scalp wound about three inches long on the side of Mr. Daly's head.

Mr. Daly had on him at the time \$3,000 in money, \$30,000 in bonds and a massive gold watch and chain. His celebrated diamond also flashed briliantly from his shirt front.

The men decamped and Mr. Daly walked out, and upon reaching the street entered the drug store on the corner of Twenty-eighth street and Fourth avenue.

A passer-by asked if a policeman was needed and the wounded man replied in the affirmative. Policeman Henze arrived. Daly said to him:

"I was shot on the second floor of No. 406, next door, by two men. Arrest everybody in the house at once,"

The policeman rushed upstairs to the poms designated, but found only the two omen. Addie Stanton and Ella Hammond, by were arrested and taken before Daly in drug store. Then Henze, with Daly at side, proceeded to the Thirtiesh Street atton, where a formal complaint, relating is above facts was made.

tion, where a formal complaint, relating s above facts, was made. The women were held as accomplices.

The women were held as accomplices.
Addie Stanton gave her age as twenty-five rear and birthplace in England. Ella Ham mond said she was thirty years old and born in Canada. Both gave their residences as No. 406 Fourth avenue.

SAYS SHE KNOWS DALY.

At the station-house the Stanton woman aid she was married, but separated from her usband. She positively asserts that she knows Daly and that he came to see her of his own free

will. She had only been lodging at Ella Hammond's for two weeks past.
She positively denied any knowledge of the shooting, as did Ella Hammond.
Both prisoners were taken to the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning by Detectives Hayes and Brett, of the Nineteenth Precinct.

tives Hayes and Brett, of the Nineteenth Precinct.

While waiting for Judge Gorman to appear THE EVENING WORLD reporter took a mental picture of the two women.

Addie Stanton is a medium-sized, slimbuilt blonde. She had no foubt been a handsome woman when younger, but her face now, although still good-looking, bears marks of dissipation. Her yellow hair was banged over a very fine pair of blue eyes, to which she frequently applied a handkerchief. Her nose is slightly retrousse, and her mouth is a Cupid's bow.

Cupid's bow.

She wept copiously, while the Hammond woman was seemingly indifferent to her

woman was seemingly indifferent to her position.

The latter is a brunette, with hard-looking features. A pair of brilliant black eyes were the only striking thing in her face. She was loosaly dressed in a gandy crimson wrapper, over which she wore a fur dolman. Miss Stanton was plainly dressed in a slate-colored skirt, black jersey and sacque.

Quite an audience of curious people looked on. When Justice Gorman arrived, Detective Hayes simply leaned over the desk, whispered that Mr. Daly was unable to appear and asked that the prisoners be remanded until to-morrow morning.

asked that the prisoners be remanded until to-morrow morning.

After charging the woman in the usual manner the Judge remanded them to the custody of the detectives.

The latter with the prisoners boarded a Seventh avenue car. So did an Evenno World reporter, and in conversation with the detectives he learned that the woman Stanton had been arrested about a year ago for keeping a disreputable house.

Beyond this the police professed ignorance as to the woman's past career. They told the reporter that permission would have to be got from Police Headquarters before any one would be allowed to interview the women. And they added that that was an impossibility.

BOW DID SHE CUT HER HANDS?

While on the car the reporter noticed that the Stanton woman's hands were covered with court plaster. As to how she received the cuts or scratches which the plaster covered, the detectives were silent and would not permit any questions to be asked of her. Capt. Reilly also has letters and pictures belonging to Addie Stanton which he religiously keeps from the eyes of reporters. WHERE THE SHOOTING TOOK PLACE.

WHERE THE SHOOTING TOOK PLACE.

The house 406 Fourth avenue is an ordinary-looking four-story brick single flat. When an Evening World reporter went there this morning he found all the tenants in the house discussing the affair.

They were of the opinion that Mr. Daly had been struck with a club and not shot. This seemed plausible at first, because the police had visited the house last night and searched diligently for the bullet and its nillet, but could find no trace of either.

Again no one in the house had heard the shot.

Mrs. White, who lives on the top floor,

Mrs. White, who lives on the top floor, said:

"Of course I never made any freedom with the people. Men were in and out of their apartments all the time, but they were always quiet, and interfered with no one."

"Did you hear a pistol-shot yesterday?" she was asked.

"I did not. The first I heard of the trouble was the sound of the doors downstairs being violently shaken. I rushed out to the head of the stairs and looking down saw a portly man hurrying down the stairs. He was dripping blood. A moment later Miss Stanton rushed out of the front room and followed him downstairs. She wiped the blood from the banisters as she went along.

when the blood from the banisters as she went along.
"I ran into my front room, where Mrs. Nelson, who boards with me, had preceded me. We both looked out of the window.
"Mr. Daly was leaning against the front door. We could hear him groan. He had one white hand on his head and blood was welling up between the fingers. His handsome gray hair was rumpled and matted with blood.
"Miss Starton did not follow him into the

"Miss Stanton did not follow him into the street. I think that Miss Stanton struck him with a bottle or a club. There was no sign of any other men about.

SEARCHING FOR THE BULLET.

"Capt. Reilly and several of his men searched for the bullet or some trace of it, but could not find it in the room," she concluded.

Mrs. Nelson, a pretty young married woman who lives with Mrs. White, corroborated all that lady had said, and coincided with her opinion and gave some additional information,

"I was coming in from the store," she said, "when I saw Mr. Daly coming upstairs before me. He did not ring, because the hall door was open. He walked upstairs slowly and knocked at the front hall door, which leads into the parlor." ich leads into the parlor."
Did he seem familiar with the surround

"Entirely so, I think I have seen him here before, too. However, as soon as he knocked the door was opened by Miss Stanton, who sang out cheerily:

"Hello I've been expecting you. Come in. I'm glad to see you." I heard him say something and laugh as he stepped into the room. The next I saw of him was looking from my front window. He wore a silk hat and heavy rich overcoat going in, but he had neither going out," she concluded.

DIDN'T HEAR ANY SHOT. Janitor David Watson did not believe that Daly had been shot. He was of the opinion that he had been hit with a club or a bottle

by some man.

"I went out about 2.20 o'clock yesterday afternoon," he said," and saw the front door on the second floor open partially. I looked in, and saw a young man and at least one

in, and saw a young man and at least one woman there.

'Who were they?"

'I could not say positively."

'Was it Mr. Daly and Miss Stanton?"

'Ht might have been Miss Stanton, but it was not Mr. Daly."

'Do you know him?"

'Yes. He has been a frequent visitor since Miss Stanton came here, three or four weeks ago. I guess he bought the furniture. The man that I saw in the room was younger and slimmer; that is all I could say about him."

'Was it Mr. Hammond?"

"Was it Mr. Hammond?"
"It might have been, but I don't know. I only took a hasty glance and went on my way. I was not out twenty minutes, but when I returned the tragedy had been masted."

enacted." asked "Will you show me the rooms?" asked

"Will you show me the rooms?" saked the reporter.

"Certainly," he replied, and led the way down to the rooms on the second floor.

When he opened the door be was joyfully greeted by Miss Stanton's Scotch terrier, which was left alone has night when her mistress and friend were locked up.

The rooms did not smell nice. There was a worn-out scent of musk and patchouli that seemed strangely at variance with the disordered appearance of the room.

The kitchen table was laid as if for dinner, but odd dishes were scattered here and there. A bottle half filled with beer, a glass half full of the same liquid and two or three empty bottles littered the table also. The bed in the middle of the room was

disturbed. Soiled towels were scattered in every direction, and a China bowl half full of water stood on a stand.

The front room looked a little better. There was an appearance of neatness there not noticeable elsewhere. This was Miss Stanton's sleeping room. A costly folding bed stood in the centre of the room, closed. The front of it was a French plate glass. The walls were nicely papered and pretty pictures were hing about them. There were also two or three cheap oil paintings on the walls. In the northeast corner was a lounge.

Directly in front was a red plush arm-chair. Above the lounge was one of the paint-

Directly in front was a red plush arm-chair. Above the lounge was one of the paintings in a heavy bronze frame. In the centre of the room was a small marble-topped table littered with cheap novels, and a few packages of eigarettes and an album. In the album a music-box, which Miss Stanton started as a cue for her murderous pals to enter and do their work, is fixed. This room and the bedroom is separated by folding doors.

While The Evening World young man was making his investigation this morning. Detectives Hayes and Britt, from the West Thirtieth street station, entered. They were going to make another search for the ballet, linless it was found the affair was bound to be shrouded in greater mystery than ever.

After a lengthy search the detectives gave it up apparently and opened Miss Hammond's trunk.

A REPORTER PINDS THE BULLET.

While they examined it THE EVENING WORLD reporter continued his search for the bullet, and found it at the foot of the bed. Then Detective Britt resumed the search to find where it had struck after glancing off the old gambler's head.

After another minute examination it was the reporter's eye that detected the spot. It was in the corner of the old gold frame of the pastoral scene, in the corner over the lounge.

That settled it, and it was shown clearly that Mr. Duly had been shot while standing at the centre-table and facing the folding doors through which the men had to enter. The bullet was a 32-calibre one.

The detectives took it with them to use as evidence, and left strict orders with the janitor not to admit any other roporters or any one in fact, unless a policeman. Big Tom Hayes found a picture of Hammond in his wire's trunk. It is that of a well-dressed man, shout 5 feet 10 or 11, weight about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, with dark eyes, features, and big black mustache.

The man who is supposed to have been with him, who did the shooting, is shorter and fair. He is a gambler called Johnnie, an old friend of Miss Stanton's, and the police hope to have them both in custody to-day.

WHAT THE DOCTOR SAYS.

WHAT THE DOCTOR SATS.

Dr. Husson, of 31 West Twenty-eighth street, who was called into Fingerhut's drug store to dress Mr. Daly's head, said to-day:
"I am satisfied that the parties were acquainted before yesterday.
"While I was dressing Mr. Daly's head in the drug store the Stanton woman was brought in. She was very theatrical. SHE CALLED PHIL "DARLING."

"'Oh, darling, darling, don't have me locked up. Don't send me to prison.'
"My patient looked at her cynically for a second, and then replied sarcastically:
"'H—, no. Pd ought to take you to a "Then, as an afterthought, he said, hoarse with passion, 'Uli tell you what I will do, I'll spend \$5,000 to clear you if you tell me the

names of the men.'
'I can't. I can't.' she sobbed.
''Then, by God, I'll spend \$5,000 to send you and them to jail.' he ended."

LEFT HIS HAT AND COAT BEHIND.

Mr. Daly's hat and coat was brought to him in the drug store. He said last night he carried them out himself.

Dr. Husson says the wound is not serious unless crysipelas should set in.

The bullet struck just above the right eye, cutting a gash about an inch deep, and then ploughed a furrow up the cranium about half an inch deep and three inches long to the top of the head, whence it glanced off.

"Close shave?" asked the reporter.

"The thickness of a hair saved his life," said the doctor.

LOTS OF LETTERS IN HER TRUNK, Miss Stanton's trunk was brought to the station-house and was found to be filled with

fine wearing apparel.

Several boxes were also brought and their contents were peculiar in their nature. Bundles of letters were piled in helter skelter. They all seemed to be alike and skelter. They all seemed to be alike and were answers to advertisements.

It seemed that Miss Stanton had been doing some queer work, mainly by the insertion of personal advertisements in which a "forlorn maiden" plaintively asks some "kind gentleman" to relieve her of a "temporary embarrassment."

There were hundreds of answers to such advertisements. A bundle of cards was also found, inscribed as follows:

She also had a list of names and a directory and envelopes with the names of well-known men about town written on them.

The name of the sender was on each envelope. One bore the words, "told to call at 5 p. M. Saturday," and just underneath was written "He didn't come."

written 'Hedidn't come."

Mrs. Charlotte Schultze, who lives on the first floor of 406, heard a scuffling sound in Miss Stanton's rooms about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. She heard no pistol-shot. She heard one man descend the stairs, but that was all. She is positive that no other persons went downstairs before the police came.

Previous to her advent at 406 Fourth avenue Addie Stanton lived at 219 West Twentieth street, in the third flat, east side of the five-story brown-stone front building a few yards west of Seventh avenue.

The janitress at 219 West Twentieth street said this morning that Miss Stanton called there in July last with a dark, handsome man named Harry Liston, who said he was an actor, and Miss Stanton said he was an actor and Miss Stanton said he was fer husband and Stanton was her stage name.

Liston paid the janitor the required amount for rent, and furnished the flat of five rooms in the most luxurious style.

in the most luxurious style. LISTON DID THE COOKING.

No servant was employed, but Mr. Liston was observed doing the cooking for himself and wife, provisions, milk, coal and wood. &c., being frequently received at the door for that purposes. and whe.

&c., being frequently received as
&c., being frequently received as
&c., being frequently received as
for that purpose.

After a little while Liston went away, presumably on a theatrical tour, and an old man
of fifty-five or sixty years, dressed in a gray
and the present an appearance.

IAN UNCLE TAKES LISTON'S PLACE. Miss Stanton represented to the jamitor that that this man was her uncle, and this alleged uncle paid her rent and all of her bills regularly until she left the house.

It was noticeable that Liston was not there when the "old man" was on hand, and vice yersa.

when the "old man" was on an arrived vice versa.

About a month ago Miss Stanton suddenly left the premises, and the "old man" called afterwards and expressed much susprise at her sudden departure and told the janitor it. A he was not her uncie, but had paid all her bills and kept her in affinence.

The janitress said Miss Stanton were fine

LOTS OF VISITORS CALLED. Many young and old men called at the flat until the janitor came to believe that Mrs. Stanton was not what she represented herself.

When she left the place she said she was going to Philadelphia, but did not leave any address. The 'old man' called afterwards and expressed great surprise and told the janter confidentially that he had been duped.

NOT A REGULAR HAYMARKETER. Addie Stanton was not a regular frequenter at the Haymarket, but was seen there on several occasions dressed in the "loudest" and most conspicuous manner and attracted much attention.

Mr. Phil Daly, who was found by an Evenrich World reporter in his apartments at
Fifty-second street and Broadway, denied the
woman's story that he met her on Six'h avenue
and said he never knew her until he got the
first note from her on Friday. Mr. Daly said
he expected to be out again in a day or two.

FLAGMAN WOLVER'S HEROIC DEED.

His Own Life Lost in Saving Two Girls From Death at Herkimer.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD,] HERRIMER, N. Y., Decr 4.—As the fast mail train on the New York Central Railroad came thundering along towards the crossing here this morning Flagman Wolver discovered two young girls on the track apparently unaware of their

Wolver shouted, the girls looked, and when

Wolver shouted, the girls looked, and when they saw the engine was almost upon them betime bewildered, shrieked, but were too frightened to move.

The engineer clew the whistle and reversed his machine, but the train was going at such a high rate of speed that it was impossible to stop before the crossing was reached.

All his took but a moment. Wolver sprang to the spot fairly threw the girls from the track, but before he could scape was caught by the engine and instantly killed, his body being horribly mangled.

Two lives were saved but brave Welver had iost his own.

TWO ARRESTS AT PAREVELLE.

Patrick Rogers and John Hendricks Held on Saspicion of Killing Kelly.

Patrick Bogers and John Hendricks, two farm laborers to whom suspicion points as being the murderers of Patrick Kelly, the Parkville gardener, whose mutilated body was found near the Manhattan Beach track Saturday night, were arrested early this morning on warrants issued by Justice Church, of New Utrecht.

The police state that late on the night of the murder Rogers and Hendricks were seen to-gether near the track. Rogers was the first to find the body, and gave the alarm. He was drunk at the time, and brandished a pistol in the air.

the air.

It is also charged that about the time Kelly was supposed to be at Parkville station Rogers was seen to walk in the direction of the spot where the gardener's body was found.

When arrested both men protected their innocence. They were given a preliminary hearing before Justice Church and held to await the action of Coroner Resoncy.

O'CONNOR SOLD HIMSELF PRETTY CHEAP. He Says Timothy Harrington Paid Him to Commit Outrages in 1880.

INV CARLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION LONDON, Dec. 4.-In the Parnell Commission o-day Thomas O'Connor, son of a farmer near Castle Island, was on the witness stand, called by the *Times*.

He swore that Timothy Harrington, member of Parliament, paid Brosnan and himself the sum of £7 to commit outrages in 1880.

No Bar Allowed on Barnum's Premises. [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD,] BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Dec. 4.-An interesting

awsuit has been brought by Levi A. Hancock against P. T. Barnum for possession of the Pe-quannock Hotel, at East Bridgeport. In renting his many public buildings Mr. Barnum in-serts an tropciad stipulation that no liquor shall serts an ironciad stipulation that no liquor shall be sold on the premises.

In this case, however, this clause was omitted, and Mr. Hancock proposed to rm a bar in connection with the hotel. Mr. Barman on hearing this notified the present tenant, David P. Hill, to prevent Hancock from taking possession, and he (Barnum) would back him up. Some interesting legal points are expected when the suits come to trial.

Battling with the Sugar Trust.

Before Judge Barrett to-day, Gen. Roger A.

Pryor pressed the suit of the Attorney-General for wiping out the charter of the North River Sugar Refining Company. The company, he argued, was a partner in the rigantic Sugar Trust monopoly and had forfeited its charter by untering that combination. John E. Parsons and James C. Carter submitted briefs on behalf of the sugar people.

Is There a Corner in Coffee ? The coffee market this morning opened strong and excited. After closing barely steady last night traders were thrown into a pitch of exnight fracers were thrown into a pitch of ex-citement by the sharp advance over night. Near months advanced from 65 to 90 points, while later contracts went far beyond, some as high as 125 points over last night's quotations. Cables were strong, and according to the advices received from Havre the market in that city was equally strong.

The Quotations.

| The Quotations. | | | |
|---|--|--|--|
| American Cotton Oil. Atlantic & Facilic Atlantic & Facilic Atlantic & Facilic Atlantic & Goutheris. Cieve, Col. (fin & Ind. Chesapsake & Oilic. | 50 794 5134 5134 5136 | ************************************** | 400 A |
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clothes and diamonds, received a box full of mail every day, numerous letters and telegrams and packages containing valuable jewelry, diamonds and other articles.

Dr. Vander Weyde's Idea of the Great Progression.

As Brains Grew in Power the Tails Disappeared.

Pictures Illustrating the Change and Developement of Features.

A remarkably graphic lecture, bringing out some new and interesting phases of the family relations of men and monkeys is the attraction on the card of the Academy of Anthroplogy at Hall 22 of the Cooper Institute this afternoon.

What the late Charles Darwin offered merely as an ingenious and plausible theory, that the origin and rise of the thinking, speaking human race was from the monkey and thence from one common head, Dr. P. H. Vander Wayde, of Brooklyn, who is the lecturer, defends as a fact capable of demonstration.

Prof. Darwin's theory had a missing link. Hackel provided the link, to his own satisfaction at least, by his sunken continent where now washes the Indian Ocean. Here

GENEALOGY AT A GLANCE.











CHILDREN OF THE MISSING LINE. (Figs. 13, 14, 15.)



BEGINNING TO TALK. (Figs. 16, 17, 18.)



STRAIGHT HAIR AND SIGNS OF BEARD.



APPROACHING PERPECTION. (Figs. 22, 23, 24.)

Paradise was located and here the first speak ing animals lived and were drowned in the flood mentioned in the Bible.

Dr. Vander Weyde illustrates his lecture with drawings in black and white after Haeckel, the tweive races of man and twelve races of apes of Haeckel being the subjects. It is not everybody who could be inspired

It is not everybody who could be inspired to eloquence by these pictures.

Dr Vander Weyde was. He galloped away on steeds of rhetoric and logic, over fields of anthropology, zoology, geology and other ologies, clearing with bold leaps an occasional rock of theology.

From the general tendency of all things to progress from the lower and simpler forms to the higher and more differentiated, he made out a law of nature, which he insisted on applying to the human species and its development.

He cleared the difficulties presented by the talls of the original monkeys with a branch

tails of the original monkeys with a branch of the law which, he totimated, decreed that the length of the raudal appendage decreased right along, in the volutionary process, in proportion as the powers of mind and brain

increased.

Then he insisted that the brain and the glottis did each other good turns, the former by urging the latter to articulate sound, so that its structure became more perfect, and the latter reacting in such a way as to force still greater brain development.

"Darwin and his followers, the evolutionists of the present day," said the lecturer, "have thrown serious

ALMOST THE CRIME OF CAIN.

THAT WHICH IS CHARGED AGAINST CHARLES W. GREEN.

He is on Trial in Brooklyn To-Day for th Murder of Nicholas Goldenkirgh. Who Was Ilis Sister's Itusband-Testimony of the Nurse, Who Heard, but Did No See, the Trouble in the Hallway.

The trial of Charles W. Green for the murder of Nicholas Goldenkirch in the hallway of 105 Rodney streat, Brooklyn, on March 26 last, was continued this morning before Judge Moore and a jury in the Court of Sessions, Brooklyn.

Goldenkirch had been forbidden by Green to call upon the latter's sister, who was sick at the house. He persisted in calling, however, and on the date given above he had met Greet in the hallway.

There was an altercation, parties in the house heard a noise, and Goldenkirch was found dying from a pistol wound. Of what had taken place there were no witnesses.
It subsequently transpired that Golden-kirch and Miss Green had been married in 1882. Green had claimed that he was protect-

kirch and Miss Green had been married in 1882. Green had claimed that he was protecting his sister's honor.

Green was in court this morning, and sat in front of the iron pillar tacing Judge Moote. He was dressed in a black corkscrew Prince Albert coat dark striped trousers and a heavy overcoat. He was composed, and looked each stiness squarcly in the face.

The first witness called by Auststant District Attorney Clarke was Annie E. Dunn, of 5° Clinton avenue. She said she was a professional nurse and attended Mrs. Goldenkirch at the time of the shooting. She said she had seen Goldenkirch in the sack woman's room on the Thursday night previous to the shooting. He came in about 10 o'clock and left late.

sheoting. He came in about 10 o'clock and left late.

The next night Goldenkirch called again. Mrs Goldenkirch was in bed, and the dead man was in conversation with her. Green entered and ord-red Goldenkirch to leave. The witness asked why Goldenkirch shouldn't remain, and was put off with an evasive answer. They then left the room.

After they had left she heard a loud conversation between Green and Goldenkirch, who were in the hallway. She couldn't hear what was said, but distinguished Goldenkirch's voice above the other.

The next night was Saturday night and Goldenkirch called about 9 o'clock. He called the next day, Sunday, at 2 o'clock, and remained until 10 o'clock. Mr. Miller, a friend of Goldenkirch's, was with him, and they stayed in the sick-room.

On Menday night she saw Green in the basement. About 8 o'clock she heard the bell ring. The witness was in the front basement in company with Green. When the bell rang Green went upstairs.

"What did you next hear?"

"A sound like the sbutting of the door."

Witness heard a whistle through the tube and went to the parior floor. She saw Green at the head of the stairs, starting down. She asked him if he was crazy and he said, "I think's ato."

She saw no weapon in Green's hands.

She saw no weapon in Green's hands. She saw Toldenkivch lying with his head towards the parter door and feet towards the stairs, He was lying on his back and bleeding from the temple.

the temple.

The morning after the shooting a brother of the deceased handed to witness a pistol, which she gave to Mr. Muller that afternoon, The pistol was in a box, and the witness could not say whether it was new or old.

George P. Goldenkirch, the deceased man's brother, was next called. He was shown a page in a book and asked whether it contained his brother's handwriting. He said he thought it was.

thought it was.

The book contained the marriage certificate of Goldenkirch and Green's sister. It was

of Goldenkirch and Green's sister. It was dated May 23, 1982. Otto Bordenstein testified to selling a pistol to George Goldenkirch, the dead man's brother, on the lay after the shooting. He spoke of the nurder and asked the direction of Rodney street. The impression that was sought to be made was that the boy had bought the pistol to shoot his brother's slayer.

NO VOICE TO TELL HER WOES. A Homeless Deaf Mute Girl Found Wandering in the Streets. Matron Webb has a deaf-and-dumb girl of

eighteen who was found wandering on West Pourth street at night by Policeman Kellen, of the Charles street station. When taken to Police the Charles street station. When taken to Police Headquarters last night she wept and appeared to be very much afraid.

She slept well and look some milk and cake for breasfast this morning. Pointing to her needle-pricked fingers the helpless girl gave a notice that she was accustomed to sewing.

She is dressed in a brown sheek dress, a red nigger-head lersey, a blue doth vrap, lined with red faunch, a may blue hat, trummed with dark navy blue ribbon and a white bird wing.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

TORONTO, Out., Dec. 4 .- The Union station was crowded long before the hour when the champion oarsman of America, Will-O'Connor, was timed to arrive, the streets along which he was and the streets along which he was to make his way to the Pavilion were black with thousands of people. A large procession accompanied O'Connor to the Pavilion, and the champion was borne in the shell in which he made his race at Washington.

At the Pavilion he was presented with a purse of \$1,000 from the city of Toronto and one of \$300 by the Torontonians who witnessed the race. D'Connor made an appropriate reply to each presentation.

Dixon Cowie's Brother Killed.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] Wensten, Mass., Dec. 4.—James Cowie, of Webster, son of William Cowie and brother of Dixor. R., while resisting the officers last Wednesday night at St. Paul, Minn., fired five shots at the police, and was shot dead by Officer Jerry Sullivan in self-defense. Cowie had been under the influence of liquor for sev-eral days.

Working a Corner in Nails. [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] Pirrantuo. Dec. 4 .- A Pittaburg firm has purchased 45,000 kegs of sails with the intention of forming a corner in sails.

PRICE ONE CENT.

TO GO ON THE ST**age** Mrs. Marie Blaine's Choice for Her

Future Life. She Seeks Not Notoriety but to

The Advice of Friends Agrees with Her

Own Inclinations.

Support Her Child.

What has been hinted at for many weeks by those directly interested in the welfare of Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., has at last assumed a definite shape and it is now authoritatively stated by that lady herself that the stage will be the scene of her future career.

Nor is tals to be considered as a sadden step taken with the idea that with the



notoriety which her past troubles have given, her future is already an assured success. even though she may possess no talent. It is the determination of a spirited little

woman to use the talent which she believes

hereelf to possess, strengthened by the advice of many friends who are interested in her Neither is it a spirit of bravado which prompts this action, but a matter of shear ecessity, and the only method wnich

necessity, and the only method which presented itself as a means of procuring a live-lihood for herself and infant.

"Yes, it is true; I am actually going on the stage," was the young wife's cheery response to the question of an Evenima World reporter, as the invited him lito the coay reception room in her spartments at the New Yoak Hotel.

"There were two paths open to me, journalism or the stage, and I chose the latter.

"It is, not alone my choice, but according to the advice of all my friends—that is, with few exceptions, one of whom wrote me a few days ago to ask if it were true, and loudly declaiming against any such publicity. To that kind of letters I have but one reply—'will you support me and my baby?'

"No, the time of my appearance is not definitely settled, nor can I state under whose management I will make my debut, because I don't know yet. I have received

definitely settled, nor can I state under whose management I will make my debut, because I don't know yet. I have received several offers, but have not as yet decided with whom I will go.

"Or course, I will have to study first, never having appeared upon the state either as amateur or professional, although some newspapers mass that I have. But this you can say authoritatively, that with the exception of one occasion when I sang in an amateur opera, I have never been before the footlights."

"Will you make your debut in opera?" asked the reporter.

asked the reporter.

"No, I am not strong enough for that yet; but just what line I will select for my appear, ance must depend entirely upon what is in me, which, of course, will develop under their "

study."
"From whom do you intend taking les-"From whom do you intend taking lessons?"

'Mr. David Belasco, of the Lyceum Theatre, will be my instructor, and I have already enrolled myself as his pupil. I have formed no ideas of going abroad to finish my studies, nor shall I go to the other side for any costumes, as I believe there are good enough dressmakers right in New York, protection to home industries;" and the young wife laughed heartily at the appropriate campaign cry.

Again, as the thought of her past troubles came before her, the merry smile gave place to a saddened look as she said:

'During my convalescence I weighed the

came before her, the merry smile gave pince to a saddened look as she said:

"During my convalescence I weighed the matter thoroughly and felt that with returning health and stremeth I must do something to provide for myself in the future, and the decision to go upon the stage is the result of long and deliberate thought.

"Had I chosen the journalistic field, I would have felt more as if I were going among triends, as the press has ever been kind to me, and upheld me entirely throughout my trouble, but I felt that I was more fitted for the stage."

As regards her litigation Mrs. Blaine would say nothing, although volunteering the statement that she had by no means dropped it.

The report that Mrs. Blaine visited Boston last week, and was contemplating making Chicago her future home was erroneous. It was her husband who visited that city, and he, it is beheved, will shortly settle in the West.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

of forming a corner in nails.

Real Mean of Her.

[From Hos.]

"Good mornin', Mrs. Zinnegan. They told me yees was rale xick."

"Yis, Mrs. Mubroony."

"An how dyees (ee now?"

"Oh. I'm quite well again."

"That's rale mane in yes, Mrs. Zinnegan, an me walkin' blocks hist to see yees."

The Relief Would Be General.

[From the Chicago tribune.]

Young Author—Doctor, if I can't get some relief from writer's cramp I shall have to give up my literary work.—If shall have to give up my literary work. I have come to you for advice.

Doctor (who has read some of his literary work.—My young friend, quit writing entirely and relief not only instantaneous but wide appead will follow.